

The Musical World.

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VOL. 44—No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

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5d. Stamped.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St. James's-hall.

—Conductor, Dr. WYLD. —Subscribers are respectfully informed that the FIFTEENTH SEASON will commence in April next. The subscription is for five grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, on Wednesday evenings, and five grand public rehearsals, on the previous Saturday afternoons. Terms: Stalls and first row balcony, £2 2s.; second row balcony, £1 11s. 6d. The orchestra will be on the same grand scale as in previous seasons, and will consist of the most eminent instrumentalists. The stalls of subscribers of last season will be reserved for them until February 1st, after which date all unclaimed stalls will be offered by priority of application to new subscribers. Subscribers' names are received by the Hon. Sec., W. G. NICHOLLS, Esq., at 33, Argyll Street, W.; Messrs. Chappel and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Messrs. Lamborn Cock and Co., New Bond Street; Messrs. Oliviver, Old Bond Street; Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, 9, Conduit Street, W.; and by Mr. Austin, ticket office, St. James's-hall.—W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS and

AFTERNOON PROMENADES.—The last four of these increasingly popular reunions have been attended by nearly 23,800 persons. The demand for reserved seats being much larger than can possibly be met, to prevent disappointment they should be applied for early. They are now on sale for to-morrow at the Palace, and at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

Principal vocalists THIS DAY.—Madame Parepa and Mr. Santley. Solo, violin, Herr Carl Rose (first appearance). Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Programme includes Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new Symphony in E minor; Overture, "Fidello" (in E, No. 4)—Beethoven; Overture, "Jubel"—Weber, &c.

Admission, Half-a-crown; or, by New System, Guinea Season Ticket, dating from March 1st, 1866.

M. JULLIEN'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

St. James's-hall, Wednesday evening, March 21st. The Orchestra will consist of 80 Performers. Engagements have been made with several distinguished vocalists, whose names will be announced immediately.

MADLLE. LIEBHART.

MADLLE. LIEBHART will SING at the London Tavern on the 12th; at Camberwell, 13th; Clifton, 14th; Hastings, 16th; and at the Crystal Palace on the 17th of March. All Communications to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will Sing "AT MORNING'S BREAK" (Morpenfesterin), composed expressly for her by PROCH, at the London Tavern, March 12.

MDLLE. LIEBHART.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will SING the immensely successful new Ballad, "The Lover and the Bird," (composed expressly for her by Guglielmo) at Clifton, on the 14th March.

MADLLE. LIEBHART.

MADLLE. LIEBHART will SING (by desire) the admired "LIEBHART POLKA," (composed expressly for her by Prof. R. MULDER) at Clifton, on the 14th March.

MISS BERRY GREENING.

MISS BERRY GREENING (who has been hitherto known to the public as Miss Berry, only) requests that all communications relative to lessons or engagements, either in town or in the provinces, be addressed to her, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS.—All letters, respecting engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are to be forwarded until April 2nd, 1866, to Mr. CHARLES ADAMS, 12, Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, W.

HERR REICHARDT.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his ARRIVAL in Town for the season. Address, 10, Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE will Sing WALLACE's last Song, "The home of early love," at Miss BERRY GREENING's Concert, at St. James's Hall, THIS EVENING, March 10th.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—MR. MAPLESON

has the honor to announce that the GRAND OPERA SEASON at this Theatre will commence on Saturday, April 7th. Full particulars will be duly announced.

WILLIE PAPE—Honored by the command of H.R.H.

the Prince of Wales—will continue his TOUR through the Provinces.—Address—No. 9, Soho-square, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing his new song, "Airy

Fairy Lillan," at The London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition, March 15th; Beethoven Rooms, 20th; and St. James's Hall, 20th and 27th. 123, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MADLLE. ENEQUIST begs to announce that she has

returned to London from her tour in Sweden. All communications to be addressed to 37, Golden Square.

MADLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce

that as her engagement at (La Scala) Milan does not terminate until the 25th of March, she will not be in London before the 30th.—Address Messrs. DAVISON and Co., Regent Street.

SIGNOR AMBONETTI will Sing, every evening during

his engagement in Scotland, GOLDENROSE's admired New Song, "The Reproach" ("Why with those smiles will you seek to deceive me") (Sivous n'avez rien a me dire.) N.B.—This charming song will shortly be published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS ELLEN BLISS, pupil of Mr. Benedict, will play

at Miss BERRY GREENING's National Concert, St. James's Hall, Saturday evening, March 17th. Communications addressed to her, Care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent St., W.

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing at Camberwell,

12th; at Miss Madeline Cronin's Recital, 15th March; at Belfast (Classical Harmonist's), 4th April. Letters respecting Oratorios, Concerts, Private Soirées or Pupils, to be addressed to 15, Park Crescent, Stockwell, S.

IL CAVALIERE CIRO PINSUTI begs respectfully to

announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will RETURN TO LONDON for the season on the 19th of March. All letters and communications to be addressed to 22, Finsbury Street, Cavendish Square; or Messrs. Lamborn Cock, Addison & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

CHORAL SOCIETIES and others are respectfully in-

formed that the words of MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH," "ATHALIE," "ANTIGONE," and "ŒDIPUS"; also of COSTA'S "ELI," and "NAAMAN," are copyright; and that they cannot legally be printed without the permission of their author,—W. BARTHOLOMEW, 31, Brunswick Place, City Road, London.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MUSICAL REVIEW, con-

ducted by Mr. HOWARD GLOVER. No. 1, in April, will contain "The Music of Modern Germany," "Robert Schumann as composer and critic," "Richard Wagner, his music and his doctrines," "Reviews of Liszt's 'Symphonische Dichtungen,' &c., 'An English School of Music,' 'Artistic Sketches,' 'Our Musical Institutions,' Criticisms, and public performances, &c., &c.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE

—In consequence of the very numerous applications for the use of these elegant ROOMS as the season advances, ladies and gentlemen proposing to give morning and evening concerts or balls, or to hold bazaars, &c., are respectfully invited to be early in their arrangements for securing the days they prefer. Application to be made to Mr. FISH, at the Rooms, 4, Hanover Square, W. By order of the Proprietor, ROBERT COCKS.

CHAMBER ORGAN ON SALE.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to dispose of a very HANDSOME CHAMBER ORGAN, built by ENGLAND, suitable for a large drawing-room or hall. Price, 450 guineas. The Organ contains 44 octaves and is of very sweet tone. Great Organ contains Open Diapason throughout, Stopped Diapason throughout, and Dulciana throughout, Flute, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Cornet, Sesquialtra, Bassoon and Clarinet. Swell contains Dulciana, Principal and Harp. The Dulciana of Great sets on lower octave of Swell. Apply to J. F. RAWDON, Esq., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON beg to announce
that the SALE of the VALUABLE WARDROBES, COPYRIGHTS, &c.,
will take place on Wednesday, March 21st (instead of the 14th, as previously adver-
tised). Catalogues on receipt of two stamps.

Extensive Stock of Engraved Music Plates and Copy-
rights of Messrs. Metzler.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON will Sell by Auction
at their House, 47, Leicester Square, W.C. (West Side), early in April the
entire, very extensive, and valuable Stock of Engraved Music Plates and Copyrights
of Messrs. METZLER, Music Publishers, Great Marlborough Street, in consequence of
the retirement from the business of Mr. METZLER, senior. This important stock
comprises about 55,000 Plates, including many highly valuable Copyright Works.
Further particulars will be announced.

VIOLINS AND VIOLIN MAKERS.—On the 1st of
March was published, A DICTIONARY of the GREAT ITALIAN
ARTISTES, their Followers and Imitators to the present time; with Essays on
their characteristics, qualities, tone, value, classification, &c. By J. PEARCE, Jun.
Price 3s. 6d.
[London: LONGMAN and Co. Sheffield: all Music and Booksellers.]

Dedicated, by permission, to Professor STERNDAL BENNETT, and performed by
CHARLES HALL.

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eight time. Both are equally flowing and graceful. If we
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is thoroughly Neapolitan; we might almost take its melody
for a National Air. It is a stirring piece, brilliant and effective
in the extreme. 'Gwendoline' is constructed on an
original melody remarkable for its pretty quaintness."—*Choir
and Musical Record.*

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FELIX-MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.*

(Continued from page 132.)

In the spring of 1839, Mendelssohn, conjointly with Julius Rietz, directed the Düsseldorf Festival. The co-operation of a number of distinguished singers, such as Fräulein von Fassmann, and Miss Clara Novello, rendered this Festival one of the most brilliant ever held. The principal features were Handel's *Messiah*, and Beethoven's Mass in C. It was here that Mendelssohn made the acquaintance of Fräulein Sophie Schloss, who sang, in an astonishingly beautiful manner, the contralto solos in *The Messiah*, as well as in Beethoven's Mass, performed on the second day. The result was that he forthwith engaged her for the next winter at Leipsic. Of Mendelssohn's own works, the 42nd Psalm was executed. On the third day of the Festival, he played his D minor Concerto, and accompanied several vocal pieces on the piano.

In the winter of 1839-1840, Mendelssohn again conducted the Gewandhaus Concerts, and, by exercising the same care and industry as before, maintained them in the high position to which he had raised them the previous winter. In addition to Fräulein Schloss, who made her first appearance at the 2nd Subscription Concert, Madlle. Elisa Meerti, a Belgian lady, was engaged. To a thoroughly good school and a pleasing voice she united French lightness and elegance. We were gratified, this winter, with several new gifts from Mendelssohn, besides the treasures dating from previous epochs, and always joyfully welcomed. The concert given to celebrate the eve of the Reformation Festival, the fourth in the Subscription, on Wednesday, the 30th October, 1839, opened with a hitherto unknown composition by Mendelssohn: Luther's "Verleih' uns Frieden gnädiglich." The pure and fervent tone of the prayer itself, soaring gently yet solemnly upwards to the throne of God, is, also, the essential characteristic of this fine piece of music, which is treated throughout in an earnest and dignified manner. If, as is confidently stated, this as well as the Motet to Luther's powerful song: "Mitten wir im Leben sind," was written in Rome, we should have to see in it not a mere chance, but the noble resistance of a genuinely Protestant mind (employing the epithet, of course, in quite a different acceptation from that generally given it now-a-days) to the misty and sensual charms of Roman Catholicism, of which so many German artists have been the victims in Rome. However, whether intentionally or accidentally, the composition did not bear Mendelssohn's name at the concert in question. If the object was to test the taste of the concert public, we might almost say: that public could not then support the ordeal; it furnished rather a proof that something was still needed to complete its education, for the work was received very quietly, not to say coolly. Perhaps the cause of this was its deep religious character, since, with highly laudable tact, the public are accustomed never to applaud such productions loudly at our concerts. So much, however, is certain: none of the audience, except such as were initiated, detected Mendelssohn's authorship.

It may be here cursorily mentioned, as a not unimportant fact, that on the 25th of December, this year, *St. Paul* was first performed in Munich, producing there the same grandiose impression it produced everywhere else.

The year 1840, one of the most pregnant years for Mendelssohn's well-earned and constantly-increasing fame, gratified us, at its very commencement, with a new and grandiose composition from his pen. This was the 114th Psalm: "Da Israel aus Egypten zog," set for chorus and orchestra. It was given here, for the first time, at the New Year's Concert, and though in character and style of treatment quite different, it is in its way nearly as great as the 42nd Psalm. The mere choice of such a subject, one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, monuments of the lyrical poetry of the Old Testament, was a most happy idea on the part of the composer, and how well has he succeeded in hitting the characteristic tone of this mighty song of praise in honor of the power of God! In one grandiose flood of inspiration does the double chorus roll calmly and majestically forward, rising and rising till it attains dramatic life at the words: "Was war Dir, Du Meer, das Du flohest? und Du, Jordan, dass Du Dich zurück-

wandest?" With the emphasis of all that is powerful and sublime resounds the answer: "Vor dem Herrn bebte die Erde," finally gushing forth into the broad stream of the fugue: "Hallelujah, singet dem Herrn," as though into the ocean of Eternity itself. If we picture up one of the Psalms in the Temple, when the chorus, accompanied by the sackbuts of the Levites, on the top of the steps leading to the Sanctuary, announced the grandeur of Jehovah to the people around, in the most ideal form and decked out with all the resources of the art of the present day, we shall gain a notion of the impression produced by this magnificent composition, in which, however, the features most especially deserving of praise are the perfectly appropriate musical stress laid on each separate word, and, as we have already remarked, the way the composition gushes forth as though in one homogeneous stream.

To quite another department of musical art belonged the third new work with which the Master's inexhaustible genius presented us this year. I allude to the charming Trio in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Op. 49, performed by Mendelssohn himself, with Herren David and Wittmann, at the second Musical Evening Entertainment, on the 1st February. In the very first movement, it rolls forward with that peculiar fire of passion which belongs to Mendelssohn alone among modern composers. The following *Andante con moto tranquillo* proceeds in a vein of equally incomparable sentimental colouring as applied to longing desire and melancholy joy, while the *Scherzo* plays around us with a charmingly mocking grace, and the Finale, in its *Allegro assai appasi nato*, with spirited force, overpowers while it satisfies us. The whole work is a faithful reflex of Mendelssohn's mind indulging in all his depth and originality, the production of one of the happiest hours of his genius, exhibited, despite all absence of reserve, in the most finished form. As a matter of course, it was executed to perfection by the above-named masters, and called forth the most lively applause.

There is much more connected with the performances and enjoyments of this winter which might be mentioned in terms of the highest commendation. But, not to weary my readers, I will confine myself to what was most important, and simply record the one fact that, on the 9th January, at the twelfth Subscription Concert under Mendelssohn's direction, all the four overtures to Beethoven's *Fidelio* were given. If it was highly interesting for every lover of music to follow the greatest of all masters into the secret laboratories of his genius, and note how he was never satisfied until he had produced the mighty creations which shook all men's souls, and if those creations of a giant mind could never be so perfectly executed as under the guidance of an artist who, at least in his aims, was fully the equal of the great master, it was, certainly, a very good proof of the pitch to which the musical education of our public had attained, that they not only listened to the four overtures, one after the other, but received them with joyous gratitude.—Of Liszt's first appearance in Leipsic, which also happened in the January of this year, and in connection with which Mendelssohn so nobly undertook the part of a negotiator, I will speak subsequently in the proper place. For the present, I will simply add that, in the same month, namely on the 21st, at the first Concert of the Brussels Conservatory, M. Féty had Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* performed, with Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, and that it produced upon the assembly the effect of a grand and joyous event.

But let us hasten on to the time which, on account of one of the happiest efforts, and, if not the greatest, at least the most genial, work of Mendelssohn's, may be designated as an important epoch, if not the culminating point of his professional career, as we now see it before us. The four-hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing was about to be solemnly celebrated in most of the great cities of Germany, and, as a matter of course, in Leipsic, the principal workshop for the dissemination of thought. Great satisfaction was experienced at the fact that the musical part of the festivities would be confided to Mendelssohn, and with evident pleasure and love he undertook to fulfil the noble task. The first thing to be done was to select and set to music the most folk-like and pleasing of the numerous words which had been sent in for a song to be sung at the uncovering of Gutenberg's statue, erected in the Marketplace. The words selected were those by Adolphe

* "A Memorial for His Friends." By W. A. LAMPADIUS. Translated expressly for *The Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGMAN. (Reproduction interdicted.)

Prölsz, theological teacher in the Gymnasium at Freiberg, for they really united to a thoroughly popular tone musical harmony. Mendelssohn set them with a trombone accompaniment. When the words:

"Vaterland, in deinen Gauen,
Brach der lichte Morgen an."

(for so ran, if I am not mistaken, the commencement), were first rehearsed in the Gewandhaus, a perfectly Bacchanalian outburst of delight arose among the performers and the audience. It was long since aught so popular, vigorous, gladsome and free had been heard before. I was sitting at the rehearsal next to that respected and amiable old gentleman, Herr Rochlitz, and saw how the general joy and his own lighted up his honest face. He hailed with satisfaction the dawning of a more beautiful era in art. It was a merry and festive time, when the rehearsals were continued in the garden of the Schützenhaus, for the purpose of determining how the music sounded out of doors, and at what distance the singers and the trombone players should be from each other, the master himself and his faithful comrade in art having to clamber over many a table and bench ere the right point was hit upon. Many persons will, also, still remember how, on the day of performance, Mendelssohn, with his delicate body, moved about on the scaffolding at the Rathhaus, to secure the right places for his trombonists, and how he nearly met with a fall while so engaged. During the ceremony itself, two choruses were posted at a certain distance from each other, one being conducted by Mendelssohn and the other by David. The proceedings commenced with a chorale: "Begeht mit heil'gem Lobgesang," to the melody of: "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr." Next came the Gutenberg Song. This was followed by an Allegro molto: "Der Herr sprach, es werde Licht," sung by the tenors, and the whole wound up with another chorale to the melody of: "Nun danket alle Gott!" This work belongs to those which bear no "Opus No.," but, like most of Mendelssohn's later works, has been published in a complete form by Breitkopf und Härtel, as also the Gutenberg Song, arranged for a single voice. This song, as a genuine German folk's-song, apart from its special object, deserves to be spread through the length and breadth of our Fatherland. The impression produced at the Festival was, however, by no means so profound as might have been expected from the grandiose design of the composition. In the wide open space, the sound was, to a great extent, lost, especially as far as the singers were concerned. To do full justice to the composition at least a thousand would have been required.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The second performance of *Elijah* does not call for any remark beyond mentioning the fact that the unaccompanied quartet, "Cast thy burden," and the solo, "O rest in the Lord," were both asked for again and repeated. Mr. Weiss as before sustaining the part of the Prophet, Madame Parepa taking the principal soprano music, Madame Sainton-Dolby the principal contralto, while to Mr. W. H. Cummings was allotted the tenor part of the oratorio. Miss Julia Derby confirmed the favourable impression created at her previous appearance and promises to become an acquisition to our list of contralto singers. The fulfilment of such promise must however be a work of time and study, for the fact of having a good voice (although important enough in itself) does not necessarily constitute its possessor a good singer. Although this was a non-subscription night, Exeter Hall was crowded in every part, and (not least attentive among the audience) I was glad to see Mr. Santley, whose re-appearance in the *Creation* will be heartily welcomed by all who know how to appreciate a noble voice turned to the very best account.—**DRINKWATER HARB.**

BRIGHTON.—Messrs. R. Potts and Co. gave a concert on Friday last, at which Herr Joachim and Herr Pauer were engaged to give a Recital of Pianoforte and Violin Music. The following was the programme:—Sonata in B flat, pianoforte and violin—Mozart; Prelude, Lourd, Minuet and Gavotte in E major, for violin alone—Bach; Sonata in C major, pianoforte alone—Beethoven; Barcarolle and Scherzo, pianoforte and violin—Spohr; Romance in F, for violin with pianoforte accompaniment—Beethoven; Sonata in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer)—Beethoven. The playing of both artists was excellent, and the concert altogether gave the highest satisfaction. Messrs. Potts & Co. carried out the arrangements of the concert room excellently.

CONCERTS.

The (old) Philharmonic Society announce their first performance for this evening, and the Musical Society of London advertise theirs for Wednesday; so that the concert season has now fairly set in. Meanwhile the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Costa, have given Haydn's always fresh and vigorous secular oratorio, the *Seasons*, with two performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. At the second of these, Mdle. Parepa, who has been gathering laurels in the principal Northern and Western cities of the re-United States, undertook the chief soprano part. The return of this accomplished singer has materially strengthened the means at disposal of our great oratorio societies. With three such sopranos as Mdle. Parepa, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Miss Louisa Pyne, they can hardly under any contingency be at a loss. On the same evening a *debutante*, Miss Julia Derby (pupil of Mr. Kingsbury), confirmed the good impression she had already created at the first performance of *Elijah*, in such of the contralto music as was not allotted to Madame Sainton-Dolby—Miss Derby's most important task being the plaintive air, "Wee, unto them." At the first performance Mr. Sims Reeves, at the second Mr. Cummings was tenor; Miss Robertine Henderson being second soprano, and Mr. Weiss taking the whole of the music of the Prophet—in which he uniformly affords the highest satisfaction—at both. The members of the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, have given the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn and the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. In the music of the German, as in that of the Italian composer, Mdle. Parepa's fine talent was conspicuously exhibited. Mr. Martin has discovered a very promising young contralto in Miss Lucy Franklein; while his new tenor, Mr. Leigh Wilson, if not spoiled by indiscriminate applause, is likely to do him valuable service. At Mr. Henry Leslie's second concert (St. James's Hall) the programme was entirely devoted to sacred music. Specimens from Palestrina, Leonardo Leo, and Cherubini, worthily represented the Italian schools of the sixteenth, eighteenth, and (early) nineteenth centuries; Samuel S. Wesley the elder, with his noble motet, for double choir, "In exitu Israel," showed what England could do in the same direction about half a century since; Mr. Henry Leslie himself, in his motet, "I will extol thee" (the contralto solo in which, sung by Miss Whytock, was called for again), standing up as our modern champion. Then we had Mendelssohn's third motet (for treble voices), "Surrexit pastor bonus," composed in 1830, for the Nuns, in Trinità de Monti, at Rome—first time, not, it is to be hoped, the last; besides M. Gounod's beautiful "Ave verum," and an interesting selection from his mass for Men's voices; the melodious and expressive air, "I dreamt I was in Heaven," from Mr. Costa's *Naaman* (extremely well sung by Miss Whytock); the somewhat over-estimated Psalm of Benedetto Marcello, "The heavens show forth the glory of God;" and gleanings from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Spohr, &c.—a very long but a very excellent concert.

In the way of secular music the Monday Popular Concerts are going on as usual. The crowd has been thoroughly initiated in the best chamber compositions of the best masters, and the word "Popular," attached to the St. James's Hall entertainments, is no longer of doubtful application. Herr Joachim is playing more nobly, more splendidly than ever, this year; and the return to his post of Signor Piatti, the violoncellist without a rival, has made the "quartet" as perfect as could be wished. Herr Straus continues, on important occasions, to take the viola—a courtesy which, at a recent concert, Herr Joachim returned in kind by playing tenor to Herr Straus's first violin, in one of the raciest quartets of Haydn. This is as it should be. To be jealous of Herr Joachim would hardly enter into the imagination of a reasonable artist; but Herr Joachim's unequalled talent is not more remarkable than his disposition to recognize ability in others. Among the most noticeable performances since we last alluded to these concerts have been those of Beethoven's seventeenth and last quartet, familiar through its motto—"Muss es sein?" "Es muss sein!" (M. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti); Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, in F, Op. 5, played by Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti with brilliant success; one of the latest pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven—the once voted "incomprehensible rhapsody," now universally admired and appreciated, "Op. 109" (in E)—performed for the second time at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame Aratella Goddard; four movements from J. S. Bach's solo violin sonata in E major, marvellously executed by Herr Joachim; Mozart's happily resuscitated *Divertimento* in E flat (Joachim, Straus, Piatti—second time); and last, not least, the magnificent second trio of Mendelssohn (Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti), which never fails, if adequately played, to raise the enthusiasm of an

audience, alike of amateurs and of musicians. At the morning performance of Saturday—the “200th Monday Popular Concert”—the programme was as beneath:—

Quintet, No. 2 (in C)	Beethoven.
Canzonet, “Recollection”	Haydn.
Sonata, Op. 28 (in A flat)	Beethoven.
Barcarole and Scherzo (violin and piano)	Spohr.
Song, “The Pilgrim’s Song”	Henry Smart.
Quartet in E flat (piano and strings)	Mozart.

The performers in the quintet were MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, W. Hann, and Piatti; the pianist was Mr. Charles Hallé; the singer, Miss Banks; the conductor, Mr. Benedict. Two hundred concerts of such music—given to mixed crowds, instead of, as of old, to select audiences of more or less instructed connoisseurs—is a fact that requires no comment. The engagement of Herr Joachim extends to seven more performances, at the first of which, this evening, he is to lead a quartet by Mendelssohn, and play the famous sole of Tartini, called *Il Trillo del Diavolo*.

Saturday’s concert, under Herr Auguste Manns, at the Crystal Palace, attracted an enormous crowd, and was in all respects good. A more admirable performance of Mendelssohn’s Italian Symphony could hardly have been dreamt of by the composer himself. Not less excellent was that of Schumann’s sombre and wonderfully original overture inspired by Byron’s *Manfred*, which came at the end of the programme, as the symphony came at the beginning. In Beethoven’s third concerto (C minor), for pianoforte with orchestra, Mdle. Agnes Zimmerman most favourably distinguished herself, winning hearty applause, not merely for her neat and spirited execution of the concerto itself, but for a lengthy and elaborate *cadenza*—her own composition—interpolated in the first movement. For solo Mdle. Zimmerman selected Liszt’s difficult “transcription” of the quartet in *Rigoletto*. The vocal music was of the usual quality. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne—whose frequent appearances in the concert-room almost console her many admirers for her absence from the stage—her sister, Miss Susan Pyne, and Mr. Alberto Laurence.

That old favourite of the public, Mr. Ransford, has given a first benefit concert in St. James’s Hall; and Miss Helen Bliss, pianist, a very clever pupil of Mr. Benedict, has also given a concert with great success, in the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. Santley, returned from Italy, is engaged for a series of evenings at the Monday Popular Concerts.—*Times*—March 5.

MR. RANSFORD’S ANNUAL CONCERT.—The perennial barytone, or basso profundo, Mr. Ransford, has come forth this year fuller-voiced and fuller-feathered than in any previous season. Mr. Ransford never at an annual concert had a more numerous or more brilliant assembly than that which graced his benefit on Wednesday se’nnight at St. James’s Hall. Moreover, Mr. Ransford—who, as everybody knows, is nothing if not a pure ballad singer—provided a purely indigenous programme, that is, a programme composed entirely of the works of English musicians, great and small, old and new, not a single foreign name being appended to any one piece—which proves Mr. Ransford national to the backbone. The singers, with Mr. Ransford, were Misses Louisa Pyne, Susan Pyne, Susan Galton, Poole, and Ransford, Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper, Montem Smith, Winn and Weiss; instrumentalists, Mr. Brinley Richards and Mr. Frederick Chatterton, pianoforte and harp. Mr. Ransford sang Dibdin’s “Tom Tough” and Hatton’s “Simon the Cellarer,” and was vociferously applauded in both, as we need hardly say. To name all the pieces which in so lengthy a programme had success is not within our means. Miss Louisa Pyne, in Wallace’s “Sweet Spirit;” Miss Susan Galton, in Mr. G. B. Allen’s song, “The Rose said to the Lily;” Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, in a new ballad, entitled “White Daisy;” Miss Poole, in the song, “Be sure you call me as you pass by;” Mr. Weiss, in his own “Village Blacksmith;” and the Misses Pyne, in a new duet by Mr. S. Glover, “Over the hawthorn hedge;” were all encored. Also, Mr. Chatterton was compelled to repeat his harp fantasia, “The Nymphs’ Revel”—a brilliant and effective performance. How admirably Miss Ransford sang a new ballad by Mr. Theodore Distin, “I love to see old faces,” and what pathos Madame Sainton-Dolby infused into “Auld Robin Gray,” need not be told. It only remains to say that everybody was delighted and no one disappointed.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.—*Ching-Chow-Hi*, Offenbach’s extraordinary *chinoiserie musicale*, so excellently produced at Mr. German Reed’s *Opera di Camera*, has been performed by some highly distinguished amateurs, at the house of the Solicitor General; Madame D’Este Finlayson sustaining with great *éclat* her original part of Pet-ping-sing. The audience, composed of the *crème de la crème*, were highly gratified with the performance, especially with the fair *prima donna*, who plays and looks the character *à merveille*. The *chinoiserie* was preceded by a charming operetta, from the pen of Mr. Frederic Clay, excellently performed.

To the Editor of the “MUSICAL WORLD.”

SIR,—“Chi ha tempo non aspetti tempo”—“Take time by the fire-ock,” as Sairey Gamp might translate it—is good, sound advice, and I mean to profit by it on the present occasion. I have only an hour or so at my disposal to-day, Monday, the 5th March, but I will not put off writing, as I thought of doing, until another day. I have pursued that plan too frequently, and am apprehensive that you are not too well pleased. The last of my effusions that appeared in the columns of the *MUSICAL WORLD* was published on the 9th December, 1865. Fancy; nearly three months ago. Oh! if I had not already quoted in previous letters something about “Eheu, fugaces,” &c., what a fine chance there would now be! For the life of me, however, I cannot do so again. Besides, were I so devoid of self-esteem as to attempt any such “damnable iteration,” I should certainly have Dr. Shoe, Mr. Beard (Otto), Mr. Dishley Peters, or some other member of your talented and scholarly staff down upon me. Other classics, too, besides Horace, have discoursed on the same subject; the difficulty is only where to choose and what to select. Do we not read that Time is

“Velut unda labens. Nihil est velocius annis”?

Are we not, moreover, informed that:

“Ver fugit æstates; æstatum terga lacescit
Pomifer autumnus”?

Does not He of the Nose observe:

“Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.”

And, in another place:

“Eunt anni more fluentis aquæ,
Nec quæ præterit rursum revocabitur unda.
Nec quæ præterit hora redire potest”?

Does not Virgil, also, speak of Time as “breve et irreperabile” and—but I might go on quoting for eternity; as it is necessary to stop somewhere, I may as well stop here, and proceed to the real object of my letter, which is not to indulge in a disquisition on Time but to inform your readers of what is being done in musical matters at the Prussian capital.

At the Royal Operahouse the principal attraction ever since I last wrote, has been, and still continues to be, *L’Africaine*. This fine work pursues its triumphant course despite the political excitement which now reigns among all classes, and which in any other country than Germany would be followed by disastrous consequences to some one—monarch, minister, or people. Every evening that the *Africaine* is performed, the Operahouse is a sort of neutral territory, on which the adherents of divine right and the champions of constitutional freedom; the followers of Herr von Bismark and the King of Prussia—“Up from King George to Sir Watkin,” as Jenny Jones’ constant swain has it in the ballad—as well as the admirers of Herr Gneist and the other popular deputies, bury for a while their political feuds and animosities to listen to a great composer’s last *chef-d’œuvre*. It must, however, be confessed that the management have spared neither pains nor expense to do honour to it. The artists, also, exert themselves with a will; prima-donnas, first tenors, basses, *Capellmeister*, musicians, and choristers, each and all, individually and collectively, appear to have staked their reputation upon its sterling and continuous success. The numbers that have been to hear it are something unprecedented in operatic annals here. So certain, indeed, were the management of its having a protracted run, that, almost at the very outset of its career, and determined not to be suddenly deprived of their Vasco, they prolonged Herr Wachtel’s engagement, which expired on the 1st March, for another month. They likewise secured his services for a period of six months next winter. Whom they will select to take his part after the 1st of April, supposing they still keep the opera in the bills, which is more than probable, is something I am not prepared to prophecy. I do not much imagine it will be either Herr Woworsky or Herr Krüger. Perhaps some one will be engaged on purpose. By the way, Madame Harriers-Wippen has been for some time on leave of absence. She is replaced, as Inez, by Mdle. Santer, who gets on pretty well, but does not possess sufficient flexibility to give the part quite as it ought to be given. However, Mdle. Santer will soon be replaced in her turn, either by Madame

Harriers-Wippen, the previous representative, or by some one else, for she leaves in a short time to appear at the Royal Operahouse, Dresden. She wanted the management here to pay her 6000 thalers a year, with 10 thalers *feux*, and to insert, besides, twelve special conditions for her behoof and benefit, in her new engagement. But the management did not feel inclined to pay more than 3000 thalers a year, and 10 thalers *feux*, so the young lady has transferred her artistic allegiance to his Majesty of Saxony, whose *Hofopernsängerin* she becomes, in consideration of a yearly salary of 5000 thalers, everything included.

I fully expected I should have had to chronicle the production of an operatic novelty in the shape of Herr Doppler's *Wanda*, but my expectations have not been realised. In consequence of the great success achieved, as I have already mentioned, by *L'Africaine*, the management have determined on not bringing out anything new yet awhile. *Wanda*, consequently, after two or three piano-forte rehearsals, has been temporarily shelved, and, on the off-nights, the management have trusted to older works to fill the house. Among these works may be cited Halévy's *Juice*, with *Madame Lucca*, as the fair artist is now entitled, in the character of Recha, or Rachel, and Herr Wachtel in that of Eleazar. This was the first time of the gentleman's essaying the character. To judge by the loud and frequent applause which greeted his efforts from an audience that crammed the house in every part, I must assume his performance was considered eminently satisfactory, but I frankly confess it did not please me. I will tell you why. It was too full of "sound and fury signifying nothing." There was far, far too much tearing "a passion to tatters, to very rags," too much "splitting the ears of the groundlings," to suit my taste. The fact of the matter is simply this. Herr Wachtel possesses, as we all know, an organ of immense power, and will always exert it to the utmost, no matter whether it is or is not in keeping with the part he has to sing. Really, it would not be a whit more ridiculous were Mr. Nasmyth always to employ one of his celebrated steam-hammers to crack his walnuts at dessert, or Mr. Merryweather, of Long Acre celebrity, to irrigate his young plants, supposing he has a garden, with one of his prize fire-engines instead of with the ordinary watering-pot of horticultural life. Herr Wachtel appears to be ignorant of the fact that judgment has as much to do with singing as robusticity of larynx and profundity of breast. If he would learn how much may be effected with an utter absence of effort, what a deep impression may be sent thrilling through the house by a mere whisper, I would advise him to go and hear—he will just be able to do so and no more—Herr Emil Devrient, at the end of the second act of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe*, hiss out the words: "—unterdessen erzähl' ich der Residenz eine Geschichte, wie man Präsident wird!" If Herr Wachtel will go and witness the above piece, pay attention to the above passage—more especially the last four words—as given by Herr Emil Devrient, and then reflect that Eleazar is not supposed to be a young man, nor, after the trifling ordeal he has to go through, a strong one, he will, perhaps, agree with me that a little moderation would not only enable him to husband his powers for other operas, but would, moreover, be more in keeping with the character of M. Scribe's Israelitish jeweller. However, if Herr Wachtel was not all that could be desired, Madame Lucca was exceedingly good as the ill-fated Recha, and Herr Fricke, as Cardinal, better than usual. The part is evidently one for which he entertains an especial partiality.

Mdlle. Orgeni, whose *début* I chronicled in my last letter, has been turning to tolerably good account the time which has since elapsed. She has appeared in several other parts and become more used to the stage. But she has still a great deal to learn, much more than, I am afraid, she imagines. Sopranos do not spring complete in all respects from the hands of their instructors, as Minerva, the

"Virgo potens belli, formaque armisque decora," issued from the brains of Jove. They have much to learn even after they have become accustomed to face the public; angularities to rub off; mannerisms to get rid of, &c., &c. They have, also, to avoid a very great danger, on which they may easily suffer shipwreck: the exaggerated praises of private friends and public admirers. Talleyrand said: "There is nothing so successful as success," and his words have been re-echoed by thousands of lips as containing a sentiment that cannot be impugned. Notwithstanding

this, I believe I enounce as great a truism when I assert that, at times, "There is nothing so dangerous as success." It turns more heads and checks more brilliant careers than people imagine. Success often kills success. It is an eminently suicidal phenomenon. I trust I may be wrong, yet I cannot help apprehending that Mdlle. Orgeni may find this out. She evidently does not "think small beer" of herself, and the manner in which she, a mere novice, introduces cadences and other adornments of her own into the music she has to sing does not augur well either for her taste or her discretion. All "gagging," whether on the part of singers or actors, is to my mind highly objectionable.—I do not recollect anything else worth noting about the Royal Operahouse, except, perhaps, that Mdlle Artôt has been singing a round of characters, and that Mdlle. von Edelsberg, from Munich, has been engaged for a year certain. She has appeared as Fides, in *Le Prophète*; Angela, in *Le Domino Noir*; Nancy, in *Martha*; Orpheus, in *Orpheus und Eurydice*; and Azucena, in *Il Trovatore*. At present, my opinion is that, when her contract expires at the end of the twelvemonth, the management will not be over-anxious to re-engage her.

There has been no dearth of concerts, but I reserve them for another letter. I will merely mention, this week, that the impression produced by Herr Joachim at the last Soirée he gave in conjunction with Madame Clara Schumann, is one that will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to be present. What execution! what feeling! above all, what respect for the text of his author! *O, si sic omnes!* Ye "Gaggers"—vocal, instrumental, and dramatic—take Joachim as a model!

I see by the papers that Herren Jemisch and Stage of Augsburg have published, on commission, a pamphlet entitled: *Richard Wagner as King. An unsparing Exposure of the secret Conspiracy to carry out his incredibly audacious Plan, discovered by the Reverend Herr * * ** On the title page the author says: "This pamphlet shows in all their crude nakedness the wiles and stratagems employed by this man to attain the most distant and highest objects." Bad Richard Wagner! Unprincipled Prophet of the Future! I certainly never thought much of you as a musician, but I did consider you a man of warm, strong feelings, and never imagined you could plot to obtain the throne of your "Royal Friend." Is this all the return you would make for the expense that "Royal Friend" incurred in getting up *Tristan und Isolde*, and the perseverance and courage he displayed—worthy, I confess, of a better cause—in listening to more than one performance of it? I am so overcome by such base ingratitude that—that—I can write no more! I—I—Mr. Editor, all I can get my pen to—to—articulate—is

VALE.

ROCHDALE.—On Thursday, Dr. Spark, organist of the Leeds Town Hall, gave two performances to select audiences in Mr. T. H. Harrison's organ manufactory, on an instrument just built for Goodshaw Chapel, near Newchurch. Dr. Spark's playing was first class, his programmes being comprised of selections from the works of the great masters. The organ is excellent, each stop ranging from CC to G, both in the swell and great organs. The diapasons are made on a large scale, thus giving fullness of tone. The reeds, of which there are three stops, are free from harshness. In the swell organ the *voix celeste*, coupled with the tremulant, has a beautiful effect. The main features, however, are the pneumatic movements invented by Mr. Harrison. By the aid of these, an organist may play upon either or both rows of keys without moving his hands from the great organ. There are also couplers to swell sub and super octave.—*Rochdale Observer*, Feb. 24.

DON GIOVANNI AT MILAN.—(From an Italian Sheet).—Yesterday at the Theatre Carcano, Milan, *Don Giovanni* was performed for the last time but one. As on the previous nights the house was crowded and the applause enthusiastic. We do not know why the Impresario gives so few representations of this great work, as it affords him such secure means of filling the pit and the boxes with people attentive to every note, and only wishing to hear them over and over again. Who could become tired of the delicious duet, "La ci darem la mano?" or of the scene expressed in music in such a majestic and dramatic manner, where the statue comes up the staircase, announces its sepulchral arrival, and the servants rush away with fear? We see with pleasure that the barytone, Sig. Garcia, puts in play all his intelligence to interpret faithfully the various and difficult position. If, in the duet, the voice is delivered with tenderness and passion, in the last act it is full of boldness and vigour, which does honour not only to his throat, but to his good taste and intelligence.

DURHAM.—The City of Durham Glee and Madrigal Union gave their second evening concert in the New Town Hall on Monday week. The vocal performers were Miss Edith Wynne, Messrs. Martin, Walker, Price, Whitehead, J. Lambert, Kaye, and David Lambert; pianist, Mr. G. H. F. Orwin. Miss Edith Wynne made her first appearance in Durham. She has a fine soprano voice, and sings with ease and brilliancy. Her *aria d'entrée*, "Roberto, toi que j'aime," was loudly encored. She was also encored in the Welsh song, "The Ash Grove," when she substituted "Robin so shy." Mr. David Lambert was encored in "The Irish Schoolmaster" (Elliot), in the chorus of which he was assisted by the members of the Union. He also gave "Largo al factotum" which was enthusiastically re-demanded. For the encore, Mr. Lambert gave Wallace's song, "The Bell-ringer," displaying rare quality of his voice. Mr. Whitehead sang "Come into the garden, Maud," and was encored. Randegger's trio, "I Naviganti," and Bishop's "Maiden fair," pleased much, the latter trio, sung by Miss Wynne, Messrs. Whitehead, and David Lambert, being enthusiastically encored. The Titiens-Piatti-Arditi Concert was worthy of note, from the fact that Titiens, the "Queen of Song," and Piatti, the "Prince of Violoncellists," were to appear on the occasion. Both these artists are as far above all other sopranos and violoncellists as Madame Goddard is above all other pianists of the present day, i.e., they are unapproachable in their various departments. Mdlle. Titiens was assisted by Mdlle. Zandrina, Mdlle. Sinico, Signors Bossi and Stagno, as singers, Signor Arditi (the celebrated conductor at Her Majesty's Operahouse) being pianist and conductor. The concert opened with the quartet, "Mi Manca la voce," from *Mose in Egitto*, sung by Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Zandrina, Signors Stagno and Bossi. This was followed by the *aria*, "Vieni la mia Vendetta" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), by Signor Bossi. Mdlle. Titiens, with her magnificent voice, pure style and fine taste, sang the *cavatina*, "Come e bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), in which her voice shone to the greatest advantage, and was enthusiastically encored in the new *valse*, "L'Ardita." Signor Stagno was encored in "When other lips and other hearts," which he sang in Italian. Mdlle. Sinico has a fine voice, and sings well. Her singing of the *aria* "Ah fors' e lui" was remarkably effective. The violoncello playing of Signor Piatti was marvellous—something to be remembered and talked about for years to come. He was encored in both his pieces. Signor Arditi presided at the pianoforte like a true artist, never predominant, but always effective.—*South Durham Mercury*, Feb. 20.

WEBER'S MEMORY.—In the biography he has published of his father, Weber's son relates the following anecdote. One evening that *Die Zauberflöte* was to be performed, at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, some one perceived, just before the commencement of the opera, that there was no score upon the conductor's desk. This discovery created a great commotion among the musicians, for the King, Frederic Augustus, was to be present, and was celebrated for his punctuality. He might come every instant, and it would be accounted a great offence not to begin the opera immediately he appeared. From the musicians, the consternation spread to the audience. Weber's Wife looked at the empty desk and trembled. Weber smiled, and, without seeming the least put out, sent for the score. The King entered before it arrived, however. Casting a glance at his wife to reassure her, Weber took up his *bâton*, gave the signal, and conducted the whole of the first act with his accustomed vigor, and without once being at fault. He even amused himself by pretending to turn over the leaves of the score. Mozart's opera had in fact become part and parcel of Weber himself. The truth was soon bruited about, and the King, as well as all the members of the Royal Family, hastened to congratulate the composer of *Der Freischütz* on such a wonderful feat of mnemonics.

BRIGHTON.—A concert given in Adelaide Crescent last Friday was the final one of the season. Though so many of our fashionable visitors have left, yet the rooms were filled by quite an aristocratic audience. The artists who assisted were Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Angèle, Mr. Patey, Herr Reichardt, Herr Engel, and Mr. Kuhe. Mdlle. Liebhart made quite a hit with a new song by Signor Guglielmo; and Herr Reichardt introduced a charming new romance by Herr Goldberg, set to words by Victor Hugo, entitled "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," which was rapturously encored. Mdlle. Angèle's agreeable voice and good style of singing was heard to advantage in Signor Schira's charming *canzone*, "La bella mia;" and Mr. Patey obtained great applause in a *scène dramatique* by M. Membree. The instrumental music was excellent, particularly a duet for harmonium and piano by Herren Engel and Kuhe. The concert concluded with the "Spinning quartet" from M. Flotow's *Marta*.

PADUA.—A new tenor of rare qualities has just been discovered. His name is Pietro Viturini, and those who have heard him proclaim him as possessed of the compass and power of Tamberlik, of the style of Fraschini, &c., &c. He is engaged for the present season at the Pergola theatre, and for the next season at San-Carlo.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS has been offered an engagement for five years at the Opera House, Berlin.

HERTFORD.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—An amateur concert in aid of the funds of the Walton Rifle Volunteer Corps, was given, on the 26th of January, at Woodhall Park. Mr. G. W. Martin conducted the choruses, and Mr. Goldberg accompanied the vocal solos. Among the many amateurs Miss Robertson, daughter of Colonel Robertson, was decidedly the most accomplished. This young lady sings with such artistic style and expression as is seldom to be met in an amateur. She does great credit to Mr. Golberg, whose pupil she is. She was rapturously encored in Donizetti's "Convien partir," and in Gumbert's song, "Ye happy birds." The Hertford paper writes thus:—"To the exquisite and thoroughly cultivated singing of Miss Robertson, we pay especial tribute. Her finished style, refined expression, and judicious embellishments, entitle her to the first rank amongst amateurs. Certainly we have heard nothing in this neighbourhood to equal her performances." Miss Ellen Day played Thalberg's fantasia on "Home, sweet home," and Rubenstien's Tarentella with great effect, and was encored in both pieces.—The Musical Entertainment Society gave a concert in the Shire Hall, on Tuesday. The artists engaged were Miss Banks, Miss Whytock, Miss Bessie Waugh and Mr. Cummings. The concert went off very satisfactorily. The pieces principally admired were Balfe's song, "Daybreak" and Miss Gabriel's "The Shipboy's letter," both capably sung by Miss Whytock; Benedict's "In my wild mountain valley," given with charming simplicity by Miss Banks; a pianoforte solo by Miss Bessie Waugh, "Grande Valse de Concert" (composed by Signor Tito Mattei), a brilliant and effective composition; Mr. Frank Mori's new song "Be mine," and Mr. Henry Smart's new romance, "The angel of home," both sung with so much taste by Mr. Cummings that the former was most warmly applauded and the latter enthusiastically encored. The concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

LEIPZIG.—The production of *L'Africaine*—as announced in the last number of the MUSICAL WORLD—was attended with extraordinary success. The prices of admission were doubled, and the subscription list was suspended on the occasion. Never, perhaps, did a Leipzig audience applaud so lustily before. But their enthusiasm was fully justified, firstly—of course—by the beauty of the music; secondly, by the magnificence and good taste of the *mise-en-scène*; and, thirdly, by the admirable way in which the principal singers, the chorus singers, and the orchestra did their work. The machinery was manufactured expressly by Herr Mühlendorfer at Coburg. During, and at the conclusion of the opera, there were endless recalls. After the curtain had fallen on the fifth act, the orchestra once more began the prelude to it. The curtain was raised again, and the principal artists were beheld grouped round the bust of Meyerbeer. This tribute to the deceased composer was greeted with thunders of applause, accompanied by a call so stentorian and decided that it was answered by the appearance of the entire company with the Manager, Herr Witte, at their head.—The following was the programme of the concert given lately in the Gewandhaus for the benefit of the Poor: Overture to *Leonore*, No. 1, Beethoven; Air from *The Creation*, Haydn (sung by Madlle. Asminde Ubrich, from Hanover); Concerto for the Violin, Litolf (Herr Drey-schoek); Air from *Semiramide*, Rossini (Madlle. Ubrich); Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Beethoven (Herr Labor, from Hanover); Songs with Pianoforte accompaniment—"Ich hör' ein Vöglein locken," Mendelssohn, "Dem Herzerliebsten," Taubert (Madlle. Ubrich); and overture to *Genoevea*, Schumann.—The above overture was performed, also, at the eighth Euterpe Concert, as was, likewise, Schubert's Symphony in C major. Mad. Sara Heinze played, moreover, Moscheles' G minor Concerto; a Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2, by Chopin; and a Polonaise, No. 2, in G flat major, by Liszt. Herr Rebling sang an air from *Don Juan*, and Beethoven's vocal series: "An die ferne Geliebte."—Signor and Madame Marchesi were announced to give their Historical Concerts at the Gewandhaus. Their principal theme is the Italian school, especially the development of the air and the duet from 1600 to 1820. Herren Reinecke and David were to lend their services.

MUNICH.—Herr Franz Lachner has received from the Emperor of Mexico the Commander's Cross of the Order of Guadalupe.—By the express command of the king, the Abbé Liszt's legend of *Die heilige Elisabeth*, words by O. Roquette, was to be produced, for the first time, on the 24th February, at the Royal Court and National Theatre. Herr Hans von Bülow, who had been rehearsing the composition ever since the beginning of February, was to be the conductor.—His Majesty has likewise ordered that "model" performances of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* shall take place during the summer months. Herr Hans von Bülow will be the conductor at these performances as well.

WARSAW.—M. Servais, accompanied by his son, M. Joseph Servais, has been giving some successful concerts. Father and son propose making a professional tour through Russia.

music who sat and played (gratuitously) under the august countenance of Mr. John Ella, was "Ella-mosynary Concerts."—Yours freshly,
To the Guardian of Ps. Pr. Psd. ADAM GRASS.

It is a great pity that "Ruin" is not anagram of "Union." The identity would then be complete. Nevertheless, "Ella-mosynary" concerts is good, and Mr. Grass may be felicitated. The subjoined must have been confided to the P. P. P., by mistake (not that the Guardian is disinclined to take advantage of it):—

To John Ella, Esq.

(DIRECTOR OF THE MUSICAL UNION.)

My Good Ella—clear-headed friend:—I have been making up my mind to write to you, but I had to get over the extreme wonder that fills me when I think of you; I had to quell the bubbling enthusiasm that welled up from the depths of my being at the thought of your vast understanding, before I could control myself sufficiently to address you. For even though I am of the spirit-world now—and thou, Most Excellent, art in thy fleshy swathings—yet do I feel an inferiority as of the creature to the creator.

Already—I find by the Record, which is read beyond the Styx, and of which Charon brings me a copy hebdomadally—you have arrived at a definite conclusion as to sundry of my meanings. Already strains, that seemed to me of little value as compared with the intended throwing forth of my inward self, are to you as light—dark only with excess of significance.

For have you not given shape and expression to many things which I cast from me mechanically—unknowing, nay, uncaring what their purports—or whether any—lacking, as I did and do, thy divining instinct, thy scientific analytical scrutiny? As blurs and blotches were they left by me, from sincerity partly, partly from indolence and stupidity—"hurried strokes" sometimes (ask my friend and other commentator, Richard) noted down impetuously, when, as a "genial madman," I was at a loss to say what moved me—to forget that music could not say it. Yet thou hast turned thy keen glance on them, and they have stood out in characters of fire—divine, backward, prophetic—like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, which Daniel, your ancestor, did interpret for the king.

As printers' "pie" were they confused; but thou didst thrust thy finger in that pie, and the plums thou didst pull out are in the Record.

Most Excellent!—thou hast the gift of interpretation—I of unknown tongues—for, I do swear to thee, many of the things which I did write and thou hast explained were to myself a mystery. I was but the amanuensis, the reporter, of my Muse. As she spake, I indited; as she sang, I scored—took notes in short hand. At times the aged stenographer grew deaf, heard sounds to him inexplicable, and inwardly charged the Muse with being inaudible—with dropping her voice; but still I wrote what I could hear, as in duty bound, though in despair of ever making myself comprehended.

My faith is now rewarded. I am triumphant, though in some measure humbled. What I believed in with my soul thou hast penetrated with thine intellect. Even what I saw not then thou hast seen. They say, "live and learn." I have learnt more from thee since I am dead than I could have imagined living.

Why, my Ella, wert thou not my friend? Why was thy advent postponed? Why were we not simultaneously of the earth that thou mightest have spoken of me familiarly, as of Mendelssohn—of Rossini—of Meyerbeer? How much have I lost!

Yes—I know now—a light has flashed upon me. I see an effect, of which I never could have dreamt, reserved for me by a kind providence—the resolution of a discord which has been suspended for years—suspended till thy coming. Oh, my Ella! Be thou for ever my interpreter. Adieu—leben sie wohl!—thy grateful

Beethoven.

It would appear from the foregoing that the Director of the Musical Union vexeth the dead as well as the living. And yet, though fairly stricken in days, he can scarcely have put Beethoven under an obligation—lent him, for instance, any money. The Director keeps letters a long time; but the composer of *Fidelio* has been dead well nigh a forty year. Who knows?

Mr. Shaver Silver, who would seem to aim at ubiquity, is anxious to prove that Mr. Punch, on a certain ground, is nowhere:—

DEUX PAS v. DEUX TEMPS.

SIR,—The last number of our admirable *Punch* contains a caricature based on a supposed difference between the music of the *valse à deux temps* and that of the *valse à trois temps*. No such difference, however, exists. All waltzes are *à trois temps*, that is to say in triple time, and would not be waltzes if they were written in any other measure. Heine relates in one of his letters how Strauss told him that when in London with his orchestra he (Strauss) never saw an Englishman waltz in time. If there is really an impression in England that waltzes are written *à deux temps*, this is not astonishing. *Valse à deux temps* is a misnomer for *valse à deux pas*. I have taken the trouble to consult the learned Cellarius on this point, and find that the inventor of the dance in question denounces, as an utter absurdity, the name given to it by an ignorant public. I am, sir, yours in earnest,

To the Guardian of the P. P. P.

SHAVER SILVER.

Strauss should have said, he "never heard an Englishman waltz in time." You cannot see time measured, but you may hear time measured. Mr. Punch, whose ubiquity is as notorious as his nose, will read the foregoing on tip-toe, and hang it upon his hunch, for future consideration. Mr. Punch has been half-seas over, but never, on any occasion, nowhere." "Ubi" is his place like that of Aristotle's god? He is an eternal WHERE.

Getting almost to the bottom of the P. P. P. the subjoined turns up:—

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.

SIR,—A society where ladies and gentlemen have an opportunity of practising both part and solo singing in a quiet, homely way, and becoming familiar with new or little-known music, has recently been established at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, under the title of "Schubert Society." The society meets on Thursday nights, and is under the direction of Mr. Edward Schubert, a representative of the well-known musical family, and himself a violoncello player of considerable ability. I am, Sir, your faithful and constant

To the Guardian of the P. P. P.

READER.

All such institutions effect good in their way. The only harm that amateurs can possibly do is to exhibit publicly, under any pretext whatever—unless, of course, like the members of certain institutions which could be named, in London and in the country, they are in such constant practice, as to be, virtually, amateurs no longer. This frequently happens with banded companies of singers; rarely, if ever, with banded companies of players. Why? Echo answers "Wherefore?"

Getting quite to the bottom, a triad of fresh rhymes crops up. Here they are:—

I.

There was an old serial, *Good Words*,
Which, as fine feathers don't make fine birds,
Whatever it utter
No parsnips can butter,
Though it butter a pars'n up with words.

II.

There was an old *Sunday Gazette*,
Which had full many columns to let
To trade advertisers;
But they were too wise, Sirs,
And wouldn't go in the *Gazette*.

III.

There was a new mag call'd the *Argosy*,
But you couldn't with eyes e'en of Argus see,
A page that was light
In the very dull freight
That some day must founder the *Argosy*.

And so no more until next Saturday, before when it is anticipated a mort of good things will have founl their way into the Pillar Post. Meanwhile, a paper, signed Gustavus Egg (M.D.), bearing the title of the *Happy Family Committee*, lies at the bottom of the P. P. P. for consideration.

Ps. Pr. Post—March 19.

D. B.

HAYDN, SCHUMANN, RUBENSTEIN, WAGNER,
BERLIOZ.

SIR.—The Sacred Harmonic Society, in spite of all that is said against it on this score, has not such a very meagre *répertoire*. It has recently been accused of confining its performances to some two or three masterpieces, to the exclusion of all works of minor importance, and it has even been proposed to start a new musical association which, it is thought, might ensure success by bringing out precisely those works, and those only, of the religious and grand classical school, which neither the Sacred Harmonic nor the National Choral Society ever produce. It is true that our great choral societies seldom venture beyond the oratorios of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Spohr; but, if they limit themselves to a certain number of masterpieces, they at least practise these very thoroughly. It often happens in London that during the Christmas week we have as many as three performances of the *Messiah*, and the *Messiah* is certainly played much oftener in England than any and all other oratorios. But for amateurs, of whom our societies for the performance of sacred music are almost exclusively composed, it is very desirable to acquire a complete knowledge of at least one great work, and it is not to be expected that they can make themselves fully acquainted with any large number, supposing a large number of really great works to exist.

Perhaps, after the *Messiah*, there is no work more familiar to the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, or more entirely within their resources, than Haydn's *Creation*, which, however, as a whole, is now generally looked upon as inferior to the same composer's *Seasons*. Haydn, according to a well-known anecdote, said one day to Beethoven, in a moment of irritation, "You could never have written the *Creation*, because you are an atheist." Nevertheless, there are very few pieces in the work above the level of pastoral music. It is a fine descriptive poem, but it is difficult to discover in it the signs of that deep religious feeling by which Haydn no doubt believed that he had been animated in writing it when he made his savage, though really meaningless, attack upon a composer so immensely superior to him in all that constitutes sublimity. Mrs. Stowe, in her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, gives an interesting account of a performance of the *Creation*, which she attended at Exeter Hall, and which seems—in spite of Carpani's oft-quoted remark that in the *Seasons* we hear the songs of laborers, in the *Creation* those of angels—to have produced precisely the sort of impression upon her that the *Seasons* might have done.

"Having never heard it before," she says, "I could not compare the performance with others. I heard it as I should hear a poem read, simply thinking of the author's ideas, and not of the style of reading. Haydn I was thinking of—the bright, brilliant, cheerful Haydn—who, when complained of for making church music into dancing tunes, replied, 'When I think of God my soul is always so full of joy that I want to dance.' The garden parts unite Thomson's and Milton's style"—with a decided preponderance, we should say, of the style of Thomson. Mrs. Stowe says elsewhere—speaking not as a musician, not as a connoisseur, but with perfect naïveté and as a listener hearing the work for the first time—"the whole effect was pastoral," which is and ought to be the effect of the *Seasons*.

But, taking a leap (a perilous leap) from Joseph Haydn to Robert Schumann, I may remind you that ten years have passed since Schumann's *cantata* on the subject of *Paradise and the Peri* was produced in England at one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society. It was thought at the time that the first performance would also be the last, and I cannot help fancying now that a considerable time will elapse before the second performance—which took place on Monday night at the first Philharmonic concert for the present season—will be followed by a third. Schumann's supporters assure those who are unable to see any beauty in his music that they should hear his works again and again, and that they will end by appreciating them. In the case of *Paradise and the Peri*, I do not believe the public will have the opportunity of exercising its patience in the manner proposed. Be the merits of the *cantata* what they may one thing is quite certain—that it is not liked. This, of course, may be the fault of the audiences who have assembled to hear it, and who, in spite of the excellent reasons given to them for going into ecstasies about Schumann's music, positively refuse to be pleased by it. It is perhaps not absolutely necessary that music should be beautiful, and music without charm

may, like a clever, well-conducted, but ugly woman, command our respect if not our admiration. That Schumann was a thoughtful, earnest man, who had meditated long and deeply over the principles of the art he so much loved, and that he understood what music ought to be, is well known to all who have read his masterly criticisms; but he seems to me to have been utterly wanting in the creative faculty, and there is an absence of spontaneity in his music so remarkable as to have something of the appearance of originality. From the vulgarity of tunelessness he is perfectly free. There are fragments of melodies, but there is scarcely one genuine melody, in the whole of his *Paradise*. As Heine said of the description of Paradise in which the tree with the forbidden fruit had no place, "Dast ist kein echtes Paradies." Schumann's forbidden fruit is tune which throughout the *cantata* is "conspicuous by its absence."

Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* is a work which I simply do not like, and which I should regret very much to hear half a dozen times, even though the result might be that the seventh performance of it would not tire me nearly so much as the first and second. There are, fortunately, very few things in this world to which one cannot get accustomed at last; and I quite believe that, after a certain amount of familiarity with it, one might get accustomed and reconciled to *Paradise and the Peri*. But to me there is nothing prepossessing in this *cantata*, and when I am told that if I were to hear it oftener I should like it better, I think of human beings, repulsive at first acquaintance, of whom the same thing is sometimes said, and often without the least truth. But only a very bold critic would take upon himself to decide absolutely on the merits of Dr. Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*. When this work was first brought out in London in 1856, one of our contemporaries spoke of it as "a work of great genius and power, of which the beauties will develop themselves more and more as it is oftener heard" (it has now in the year 1866 been heard exactly twice); while another declared that it was "destitute of invention, and wanting in intelligible form," and added that "anything so hopelessly dreary, so wholly made up of shreds and patches, so ill-defined, so generally uninteresting, had rarely been heard." One if not both of these journals must have been in the wrong. Probably the truth lies half-way between the two extreme points that I have quoted, and which I have found printed side by side in a ten-year-old number, of the *Musical World*.

Dr. Schumann's *cantata* is very long. It lasts three hours.

The least interesting pieces in the programme of the first concert of the Musical Society of London (which I was fortunate enough to attend) were the novelties. They had to be sure, the formidable symphony in C minor, and the inapproachably fanciful overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to contend with. Indeed, to place Mendelssohn's overture immediately after Rubenstein's *scena* seemed to me rather malicious. "How painful Rubenstein's *scena* must be to those who do not like music"—I heard some one in the concert-room remark. "How painful to those who do like music,"—I felt inclined to reply. The opening recitative is grotesque in the extreme, and only terrible in the sense of being terribly tiresome. What discovery had been made by the lady who exclaims "E dunque ver." I cannot say, but it must have been something very dreadful. The slow movement offers a marked contrast to the *allegro*, which, violent and disjointed, is written throughout in what may be called the interjectory strain. The whole piece must have been very trying to Madame Parepa, who exerted herself to the utmost. M. Rubinstein, like other Russian musicians, is a passionate admirer of Herr Wagner's theories. The young and middle-aged Russians of the present day are great believers in everything that is new, or that they fancy to be new, in religion, politics, socialism, or dramatic music. Everything, according to them, is in need of being revolutionized; physiology as taught by the German, political economy as taught by the English, music as taught and practised by the great musicians of all countries. As M. Rubinstein is now director of the Musical Conservatory of Moscow, we may expect, as the result of his tuition, a number of lesser Rubinsteins. In the meanwhile it is somewhat remarkable that Herr Wagner should find his most enthusiastic supporters in what a recent writer has called "the E.C. districts of Europe"—in Hungary, Liszt, in Russia, Rubenstein. In less original but more civilised countries the pre-Wagnerian composers, from Mozart to Rossini, still hold their sway undisturbed. Hector Berlioz, like most contemporary writers on musical subjects, has often attacked Herr

Wagner. Indeed, M. Berlioz has hit him harder than most critics; in spite of which the compositions of M. Berlioz and Herr Wagner possess many faults in common. Both these critics and composers had sworn to be original, and in journeying to the desired goal it so happened that they met in the same path. Then it was not unnatural that M. Berlioz should endeavour to push Herr Wagner out of the way. Herr Wagner, however, is at least a stronger man than M. Berlioz. As a writer, he is perhaps his superior, and it is by writing and talking about their music, rather than by causing it to be played, that both Wagner and Berlioz have made their reputation. As for Wagner, he has plenty of adepts among poets, literary critics, and writers of all kinds, but on musicians and on the general public he has very little hold.

D. Peters, Esq.

SHAVER SILVER.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert of the fifty-fourth season came off on Monday. The programme was entirely devoted to Robert Schumann's cantata *Paradise and the Peri*, which had been performed ten years previously by the Philharmonic Society, with Madame Lind-Goldschmidt as the leading soprano. On this occasion the vocal performers comprised Madame Parepa, Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Emily Pitt, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Whiffin, and Lewis Thomas. The cantata was received somewhat frigidly, the tenor solo and quartet, "The Peri weeps," alone eliciting an encore. There was a good deal of applause, nevertheless, and there can be no doubt that *Paradise and the Peri* found many admirers among the audience. The English version is an adaptation, by Mr. William Bartholomew, of Moore's well-known poem *Lalla Rookh*, which, however, had to undergo several rhythmical alterations to fit the music, Schumann having composed the cantata to a German translation of *Paradise and the Peri*. Professor Bennett, for whose genius Schumann entertained the greatest admiration, took all possible pains to ensure a good performance for the cantata. The reception that greeted the popular conductor when he ascended the platform was enthusiastic.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The first concert of this season was given on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—Overture to *King Lear*—Hector Berlioz; air from *Edipus à Colonne*, sung by Mr. Patey—Sacchini; Concert solo for clarinet and orchestra; clarinet, Mr. Lazarus—E. Silas; Scene and aria, "E dunque ver," sung by Madame Parepa, Rubinstein; Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—Mendelssohn; Symphony in C minor (No. 5)—Beethoven; Aria, "Nina jolie et sage"—(*Actæon*), sung by Madame Parepa—Auber; Caprice for pianoforte in E, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann—Sterndale Bennett; Duet from the *Flauto Magico*, by Madame Parepa and Mr. Patey—Mozart; Overture to the *Vampyre*—Marschner. The concert was manifestly too long. Had these novelties been withheld, it would not have been too short. We shall speak of the performance next week.

Mlle. PAULINE LUCCA is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Madrid, for the month of April next, as the French papers inform us, at a salary of three thousand francs per night.

CONCERT OF BROADWOOD'S BAND.—The members of the fine military band of Messrs. Broadwoods' manufactory gave their annual concert at the Pimlico Rooms, Warwick Street, on Tuesday evening, the 6th inst. The vocal part of the programme was entrusted to Mlle. Nina Davie, Madame D'Este Finlayson, Miss Fanny Haldane, and Miss Lucy Franklin, Messrs. Oxley, Weldon, Edmunds and Welch; and the instrumental to Miss Eleanor Ward and Mr. Walter Bache (piano), Mr. F. Bowerman (cornet), and Mr. Louis Ries (violin). Much applause and frequent encores were evidence of the pleasure and appreciation of the large audience present. Mr. H. Sibold, bandmaster of the Victoria Rifles, holds the same post with Messrs. Broadwoods' Band, and conducted on this occasion. The precision and effect with which the performances of the band were rendered gave most satisfactory testimony of his efficiency and care. The pianoforte accompanists were Mr. Marcellus Higgs and Mr. A. J. Hipkins.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Why the Sacred Harmonic Society has neglected the *Seasons* for the last half-dozen years it would be difficult to say. Executed as it is by the members of this association, under the direction of Mr. Costa, no work is better calculated to please a large audience. It exhibits more variety than the *Creation*, and, although "pastoral" in its general complexion, contains specimens of every style in which Haydn ever wrote. The recent performance was most admirable. The soprano music was sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, the bass by Mr. Lewis Thomas, and there were two tenors—Mr. Sims Reeves for "Summer and Winter," and Mr. George Perren for "Spring and Autumn." Miss Louisa Pyne has of late appeared very little on the stage. On the other hand, we have had frequent opportunities of hearing her in sacred music, and she is quite as much at home in oratorios as in the light, brilliant works of the French school of opera, in which, on the whole, her greatest successes have been gained. Why, by the way, the cantata of the *Seasons* (miscalled an oratorio) should be considered a religious composition, any more than the poem on which it is founded, it is uneasy to explain. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in particularly good voice, sang the whole of his music admirably. The only encore of the evening—not the only "re-demand," but the only encore that was accepted—was the chorus "Hark, the merry-toned horn." The audience evidently thought that they had prevailed upon Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat the air "Now o'er the dreary waste;" and much disappointment and also amusement was caused when, on rising as if to begin the piece again, he went on to the next "number." The choral music, from beginning to end, was given in excellent style; and the performance altogether was one of the most successful of the present season.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. Peters, Esq.

LAVENDER PITT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Your correspondent "A Member of 205" complains of an error in my account of the proceedings of the Lodge of Israel, which appeared in your columns of the 20th ult. I need do no more than refer "A Member of 205" to that letter for answer to his groundless assertion, and beg to say that he displayed exceeding bad taste in designating as the party yours in the right,

March 5th, 1866.

RAMBLER.

MISS BERRY-GREENING (formerly known as Miss Berry only) gave a concert recently, at which she was assisted by some of the most distinguished vocal and instrumental performers now in London. The *beneficiaire*, to whom no style seems unfamiliar, sang several pieces, and was especially successful in the grand air from the last act of *La Fille du Régiment*, and in the duet, "Parigi o cara," in which she was joined by Mr. Sims Reeves. Miss Berry-Greening has hitherto appeared only in the concert-room; but we believe that she possesses enough dramatic talent to ensure her success on the stage; at least she sang on Saturday evening in a decidedly theatrical style, and she has evidently a predilection for operatic *morceaux*. Whenever the name of Mr. Sims Reeves occurs in a programme the performance is tolerably sure to be marked by an incident of some kind. Either Mr. Reeves does not sing, and there is consequently an uproar; or he does sing, and he is consequently encoored. Then there is a contest between the public and the popular vocalist as to whether the demand for repetition shall be complied with or not. Sometimes the ayes have it, and sometimes Mr. Sims Reeves. On Saturday evening Mr. Sims Reeves having had the imprudence to sing "Come into the garden, Maud," an encore was inevitable; no refusal could possibly be taken, and the air—given absolutely to perfection—had to be repeated. Tennyson's "words" set by Balfe, and sung by Sims Reeves, ought indeed to produce enthusiasm, and the audience of Saturday evening was already disposed to be enthusiastic. Miss Berry-Greening's concert could not fail to be well ordered, for there were three (if not more) conductors—Mr. Benedict, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Herr Ganz. Miss Madeline Schiller was the solo pianist. Mr. Balsir Chatterton and Mr. John Thomas played a duet for harps. Among the vocalists not previously mentioned were Miss Palmer, Miss Louisa Van Noorden, &c. The hall was crowded.—*Morning Post*.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—On Monday week, Mr. John Parry rendered the performances at this pleasant place of entertainment additionally attractive by the introduction of a new vocal and histrionic sketch, which he describes rather alarmingly as "a domestic scene," and to which he has given the title of "The Wedding Breakfast at Mrs. Roseleaf's." The occasion is the marriage of one of Mr. Parry's most popular celebrities, the beautiful and accomplished Miss Gushington, who has given her hand with all the cash it contains, and her heart with its priceless stock of tender emotions, to her old suitor Mr. Yeanay. Commencing with the wedding morning, which is ushered in with a peal of joy-bells, passing on to breakfast, with all its comic characteristics, and ending with the departure of the bride and bridegroom, who, pelted with satin slippers, drive away amid the mingled tears and cheers of their friends, Mr. Parry touches with pungent drollery upon each familiar scene and incident of the wedding party, and presents them all in the most ludicrous aspect. He makes the putting on of the ring a laughing matter, which is more than all bridegrooms have found it; and so remorseless is his ridicule, he manages to extract merriment even from the tears of the bridesmaids. In the swift assumption of a variety of dissimilar characters, all of whom he impersonates himself, and that, too, without the least assistance from mechanical appliances or rapid changes of costume such as "entertainers" usually employ, he displays a sprightliness and versatility of talent which awaken the wonder of the audience and give them hearty enjoyment. By perpetually varying his tone, manner, and expression, and by an occasional exercise of ventriloquism, he gives individuality to every part he sustains, and throws around each a strong dramatic illusion. Among the best of his impersonations are Mr. and Mrs. Yeanay, the *nouveaux mariés*; Miss Fairfield, who, to the no small discomfort of her friends, sings a little Italian; and Mr. Olympus, uncle to the bride, a pompous old gentleman, who makes a nonsensical speech crammed with classical quotations, and the conclusions of whose sentences are fortunately inaudible. Mr. Parry's only colleague in this many-sided performance is his piano. The Spaniards have a proverb that the violin has a soul. In Mr. Parry's hands the piano appears to be similarly endowed. It is no instrument. It speaks and almost looks like a sentient creature, gifted with a soul of comedy sympathetic with his own. He takes it into his confidence, and at his bidding it gives intelligent expression to his quaint conceits and humorous sallies. This domestic scene is altogether a most amusing affair, and the cheers and laughter of the audience attested its complete success. Mr. Parry assures us that it has been "arranged expressly for him by himself," and certainly it does him credit.

DEBUT OF AN ENGLISH LADY ON THE ITALIAN STAGE.—We extract the following from the *Patriot* of Pavia:—"The carnival at Vigevano has commenced under peculiarly favourable auspices. The *Barber of Seville*, a work destined to be ever new, fresh, and brilliant, has been chosen to inaugurate the opera season. It is now eight years since it was last produced here, and many of our readers will recall with pain the circumstances under which its production then proved so signal a failure. This time we are far more fortunate. In the first place, the opera is given entire, without mutilation and without alteration. In the second place, the orchestra and the chorus are well up to their work and show the result of assiduous preparation. When we add, without disparagement to the great merit of the other artists, that we possess a talented, charming, and vivacious Rosina in Signora Annie Goring, we feel that the success of the opera is secured. The fair *débutante* possesses a voice which we do not hesitate to pronounce extraordinary. It is in fact composed of such qualities as are seldom met with separately, and are still more rarely found combined in one and the same person. A timbre full and sweet, perfect intonation, wonderful flexibility, and a compass able to give expression to the most diverse notes—from *sol basso* to *do acutissimo*. These are the qualities which even on her first appearance were conspicuously displayed. Signora Goring's style of singing is of the best school; and the variations which, according to custom, she introduces in several parts of the opera, are distinguished by exquisite taste. If there is still something to desire in her pronunciation, yet the *ensemble* of voice, style, vivacity, and ease makes us forget this slight defect, which time and practice cannot fail to remove."

EDINBURGH.—At the Saturday Evening Concert on the 24th February, the singers were Miss Fanny Armytage, Mr. D. Whitehead and Mr. David Lambert, and Mr. MacLagan, comic vocalist. Miss Armytage sang with much effect "The Guards's Waltz" and "I shouldn't like to tell." Mr. David Lambert gave Wallace's "Bell-ringer" and "The Wolf," with great success, and Mr. D. Whitehead was equally successful in Bishop's "Tell me, Mary," all three artistes being frequently encored. Mr. MacLagan created much laughter in his comic songs, receiving hearty encores. Mr. J. V. Bridgeman accompanied on the pianoforte.

HERR REICHARDT, the accomplished tenor, has returned to London from his continental tour.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye, who is at present in Berlin, has engaged Mdle. Orgéni for five years. Mdle. Orgéni will appear in the forthcoming season.

HERR JOACHIM.—The report that Herr Joachim is to play at one of the Concerts of Popular Classical Music in Paris is without foundation. When his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts terminates the great violinist returns to Hanover.

RYAN v. WOOD.—We are authorised to state that the "Anderson, Esq.," whose name was put down as a contributor of £5 to the subscription fund towards reimbursing Defendant for his law expenses in this action, was not Mr. G. F. Anderson, Director of Her Majesty's Private Band, and for many years one of the Directors of the Philharmonic Society.

RYAN v. WOOD.—The *Orchestra* publishes a correspondence, from which it appears that Mr. Desmond Ryan's solicitor threatens Mr. Wood, the defendant in the late action, with a criminal prosecution for perjury as soon as the artists mentioned in an affidavit made by the latter have arrived in this country. We understand the artists meant are Balfe, Gardoni, Piatti, and the Trebelli-Bettinis. The first is daily expected, the second will be here in April, the third is now in London, and the last-mentioned will be here in May from Warsaw. In the meanwhile a subscription is being raised to pay the damages and costs in the late action. The *Morning Star* very properly protests against this subscription, as it is evident that the artists who subscribe to it will give their money as they did their services to Mr. Ryan, with an "eye to business," and in the hope of currying favour with a musical journal. It is just as bad for a publisher to receive money to pay his liabilities from an artist as it is for a critic to receive the gratuitous services of singers. For the small fry of obscurities, mediocrities, and charlatans to get their names in print in the *Orchestra*, the subscription will be a godsend; but we trust that as the late action has destroyed the practice of critic-giving concerts, it may not raise a worse state of things by making publishers the recipients of artistic alms.—*The Queen*.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINEES.—The programme for last Wednesday's matinee was as follows:—Sonata in F minor—Beethoven; Ophelia (Romance)—Aguilar; The Harmonious Blacksmith—(Handel)—and Impromptu—(Chopin)—played by Miss Grace Aguilar; Romanza—Aguilar; Evening (Romance)—Aguilar; Sonata in G—Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte—played by Miss Grace Aguilar—Mendelssohn; Weber's last Waltz—Aguilar; Sunset-glow—Aguilar; Day-dream and Mazurka—Aguilar. The rooms were, as usual, quite full.

EDINBURGH.—*Lucrezia Borgia* was performed last night, with the following cast:—Madame Grisi, Lucrezia; Madame Lablache, Orsini; Signor Foli, Duke Alfonso; and Signor Stagno, Gennaro. The part of Lucrezia is one with which the name of Madame Grisi will ever be associated. In her histrionic delineation of the wicked Duchess, she was long without a rival; and even now, when the tear and wear of an arduous profession have somewhat impaired the capabilities of her voice, it is an impersonation to which we cannot listen without admiration. In the scene where she is insulted by Orsini and his companions, her look and action were the study for an artist. In that wonderfully effective trio in the first act, where the recriminations of the Duke and Duchess stand out in prominent contrast with the grateful utterances of the unsuspecting Gennaro, her whole bearing was in the highest degree artistic; and her remorse and anguish, when she finds all her pleadings for her son's life unavailing, were depicted with amazing power. Madame Lablache's Orsini was a careful performance. Signor Foli as the Duke, appeared to great advantage, his person and demeanour being in good keeping with the character. His delivery of the "Vendetta song" was irreproachable both in sentiment and execution. Signor Stagno deserves praise for the earnest and conscientious way in which he enacted Gennaro. His song, "Di pescator," was well given; and in the trio already alluded to he sang very expressively. The audience was very large, all the stalls and nearly the whole of the dress-boxes being occupied.—(*Scotsman*, Feb. 23.)

BRUNSWICK HOUSE, WANDSWORTH ROAD.—Mrs. John Macfarren gave a concert of pianoforte and vocal music, last Thursday, March 8th, which attracted a large audience, including the musical élite of the surrounding district. The accomplished player's brilliant execution of a varied selection from classical and popular authors, created a powerful impression; and this was agreeably diversified with vocal pieces, entrusted to Madame Gilardoni, and Miss Marian Walsh, whose sweet sympathetic voices elicited a re-demand for Macfarren's duet from "She stoops to conquer." The applause was general, and enthusiastic throughout the evening. Mrs. John Macfarren was vociferously called upon to repeat two pieces of Brissac "Bonnie Scotland" and "The Butterfly." Madame Gilardoni was encored in songs of Gounod and Macfarren—Miss Marian Walsh, in an old English ditty.

PESTH.—*L'Africaine* was produced here for the first time on the 15th ult. with the greatest success. The Emperor of Austria was present.

MR. ALBERTO LAWRENCE is engaged to perform the part of Nelusko in *L'Africaine* at the Victor Emmanuel Theatre, Turin. His engagement commences at Easter.

VIENNA.—The first performance of the *Africaine* has been received with unbounded enthusiasm. The execution was admirable, Mdle. Ilma de Murska particularly distinguishing herself as Ines.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Mr. H. R. Bird's second Subscription Concert in the Central Infants' School Rooms was given with the assistance of Miss Florence de Courcy, Messrs. Willy, Hann, and Howell. Mr. Wilbye Cooper not being able to attend, Miss De Courcy contributed in addition to what was set down for her, "Bel raggio," and Messrs. Bird and Howell volunteered a duet for piano and violoncello. Miss De Courcy gained much applause in "Non più mesta," and she was compelled to repeat Henry Smart's new song, "Hark the bells are ringing" (a worthy companion to the same composer's "Lady of the Lea"). The instrumentalists, all good and true artists, played the *allegro* and *Rondo* from a quartet by Dussek, the *a tiglio* and *finale* from Mendelssohn's quartet, No. 2, and the *allegro* and *finale* from a quartet by Weber. The soloists were Mr. Willy (violin), Mr. Howell (violin-cello), and Mr. Bird (piano). The latter played the finale from Woelf's "Ne plus ultra" and a piece by Stephen Heller with considerable ability.

DRESDEN.—The old musical piece, *Die Jagd*, by Adam Hiller, has been revived, but without success. It belongs to a school which no longer pleases the public. *La Juive*, and *Le Maçon*, have also figured in the bills, after a very long absence therefrom. The next novelty at the Royal Operahouse is to be Herr Doppler's *Wanda*.—Herr Armin Fröh, who resides here, lately gave a performance of his opera *Clotilde von Lusignan* at the Hotel de Saxe. He himself conducted. The singers were amateurs, and the musicians Strauss's band. It seems that he was induced to adopt this mode of presenting his work to the public, because the management of the Royal Operahouse, acting upon the advice of their two *Capellmeister*, had repeatedly declined bringing it out. Whether they were, or were not, justified, is a point which the performance at the Hotel de Saxe could not decide. Many musicians and artists here assert that *Clotilde von Lusignan* is totally unfitted—at any rate in its present shape—for the stage, but personal feeling has, perhaps, something to do with the matter. Herr Armin Fröh was formerly musical critic to one of the local papers, and, as such, spoke his mind freely. Great composers, and first-rate singers, are not met with every day; it may therefore easily be imagined what was the tone of Herr Fröh's remarks, and what was their reception by those whose presumption and vanity they offended. Verily, the position of a musical critic is not a bed of roses. If he says exactly what he thinks, he raises up a whole host of enemies who strive unceasingly to crush him, no matter by what means, and, if he praises anyone, he is immediately accused of favouritism and undue partiality.

PARIS.—(Extract from a letter).—M. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* is finished, and the composer has already entered upon the task of writing another opera. The new work is with M. Lécouvé, and is destined for the Opéra-Comique. No doubt M. Gounod is wise in taking the Bull by the horns. He has already taken John Bull by the horns. M. Gavaert is writing an opera with M. Sardon for the Théâtre-Lyrique. M. Carvalho is the most enterprising and speculative of managers. Liszt is superintending the rehearsals of his Mass, but will neither conduct nor play. Rossini's party, to be given on the 10th (Friday, last night), will include a concert to be sustained by Patti, Gardoni, Tamburini, Agnesi, Zucchini, &c., &c., M. Godeffroid, the harpist, is to accompany Mdle. Patti in a romanza by Rossini.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—There was a public examination, on the 12th and 13th January, of the pupils attending the Conservatory of Music, which was founded in 1862, and in which Rubinstein, Wienia-ky, Davidoff, Dreysechok, and other well-known artists, were appointed professors. The examination was conducted by a committee named by Government, and before a brilliant assembly. The performance of the pupils surpassed all expectations, and afforded a convincing proof of the high value of the institution.

MEXICO.—The capital of this new empire contains five theatres, including the Imperial Theatre, where Italian Opera is played, and which is in no way inferior to the most celebrated theatres in Europe. It is under the direction of Signor Bosoni, a composer. The members of the orchestra combined with the Austrian military band form a body of one hundred and fifty instrumentalists.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—The *Africaine* has drawn large houses. The Emperor went to hear it three times. The Italian season was brought to a close by the performance of *Herculanum*, got up in a hurry to do honour to M. Félicien David, who has been very well received by the fashionable world. *La Juive*, translated into Russian, has enjoyed a great success at the Russian Opera House.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

In all respects but one the second concert of this season was an improvement upon the first. The exception was not an unimportant one,—its length, which was nearly an hour in excess of the limit to which a judiciously-arranged programme should extend. In this instance the Monday Popular Concerts may be cited as an admirable example of what should be the duration of a concert, for commencing as they do at 8 o'clock it is rarely if ever that the last note is sounded at a later moment than half-past ten. With the concert in question it was nearly that hour before the second part commenced, and consequently before the conclusion both audience and performers manifested signs of weariness mutually detrimental to enjoyment. If music be intrinsically good it requires the unflinching attention of hearers and executants, and two hours and a half is quite as long a time as the faculties of either can be kept to a proper pitch of attention. If the music be trivial then surely more than two hours and a half must be somewhat too much for either side, and the argument tells with equal if not with greater force. It may be urged that at the Opera the performances commence at half-past 8 and rarely terminate before 12, but from this must be taken the intervals between the acts, occupying at the least an hour; while it must not be forgotten that in opera there is something more than the music alone to sustain the attention, the dramatic interest of the story, the acting, the scenery and other accessories all tending to keep the mind engaged. With oratorio, again, where there is more or less of a continuous narrative and sustained interest, where the various numbers bear more or less of relation to each other, and where there is a general unity of design, the case is again different; but where the programme is made up of isolated pieces, without the slightest connection or continuity, a scheme which lasts nearly three hours and a half may fairly be designated too long. Having taken exception to what I consider a mistake, I have little but praise for Mr. Leslie's Lenten sacred concert, which was in the main composed of admirable material. One of the most noteworthy features was the noble motett for double choir by the late Samuel Wesley, "In exitu Israel," and both conductor and chorus deserve all praise for the steadiness and precision as well as the light and shade so carefully observed throughout the execution of this by no means easy work. A motett by Mendelssohn ("Surrexit Pastor Bonus") for treble voices (Misses Fosbrooke, West, Meadows and Marks), composed for the Convent of Trinità de' Monti, was heard for the first time;—judging by the effect produced it is not likely to be the last. Yet another motett calls for remark, and Mr. Henry Leslie's reputation as a composer will be further enhanced by his setting of "I will extol thee" (words from the 145th Psalm), in which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Whytock sustained the vocal parts (the last named lady being encored in her solo), the harp and organ accompaniment being in the hands of Mr. John Thomas and Mr. J. C. Ward. The selection from M. Gounod's Mass for male voices did not create much impression, but the "Meditation sur le 1er prelude de J. S. Bach," harp, Mr. Thomas, piano, Mr. Calcott, harmonium, Mr. Ward, violoncello, M. Paque (in which M. Gounod appears to have had his "apotheosis" scene in *Faust* more prominently in view than the prelude of the Leipsic Cantor), was encored. Not so, however, the "Ave verum" by the same composer, which was more worthy the compliment. There was an unquestionable re-demand for the air from Costa's *Naaman*, "I dreamt I was in Heaven," charmingly sung by Miss Whytock, who is rapidly destined to take a prominent position among the contralto singers of the day, no less by the beauty of her voice than the finished and careful manner of its use. Miss Whytock gracefully acknowledged the applause of the audience, but judged wisely not to repeat the air—it being then past 11 o'clock. The recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," and its pendent air, "Waft her, angels," demand the highest degree of artistic excellence and finish, the most perfect singing and most exquisite pathos being alike required to give full effect to this most touching episode in Handel's *Jephthah*, and it would be flattering to say that Mr. Leigh Wilson has yet had sufficient experience to enable him to go triumphantly through so exacting an ordeal. The next concert (with orchestra) is announced for the 22nd instant.

DRINKWATER HARD.

■ GÜENT.—*L'Africaine* has been produced with eminent success.

BRUSSELS.—Italian opera does not seem to find the soil of this capital agree with it. At any rate, it does not flourish here. An Italian company which sang at the Cirque quietly dispersed after the third performance of *Otello*, and even M. Bagier's *troupe* has not effected wonders at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The opera selected for their first appearance was *Semiramide*; but it did not please, or, at least, the mode in which it was executed did not do so. As a set-off, however, against the dissatisfaction created by most of the company, two of the artists created a particularly favourable impression. These two were M. Agnes and Madlle. Zeiss. Everyone is in ecstasies with the young lady more especially.

THE ITALIAN OPERA AT ST. PETERSBURGH.—The engagement of Signors Tamberik and Graziani have not been renewed for next year by the Imperial director.

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"The only instrumental feature of the concert was found in the pianoforte playing of M. Mattei, a young artiste, who made his first appearance here, and who had certainly attained an uncommon mastery over the difficulties of his instrument. The consummate skill and speed of M. Mattei's passages of interlaced octaves, the lightning-like celerity of arpeggio which he displays, the delicacy of his touch, &c., are all qualities in the highest degree valuable to the aspirant for a virtuoso's laurels. Besides Mendelssohn's first (G minor) concerto, executed together with the orchestra, M. Mattei was heard in a nocturne, and also a "valse for pino solo," which, being encored, he substituted for it "Mergellina," a barcarolle, also from his pen. Subsequently he played a very effectively arranged *pot-pourri*, à la Thalberg, upon Bellini's "Norma," including The March, "Casta Diva," "Quel cor tradisti," and other motifs. The success of M. Mattei who is, we understand, as modest as he is clever, was, in short, complete."—*Dublin Daily Express*, Feb. 3.

"In a fly-leaf of the programme it was intimated that Sig. MATTEI was suffering from rheumatism of the arm, and this appeared to indicate some shortcomings in his performances on the piano; but if such an opinion were created, it was soon removed. In the Nocturne and Valse, of his own composition, the brilliancy and sparkling style of his execution at once became manifest; but the testing of his abilities was in the noble and elaborate concerto of Mendelssohn, so familiar to all lovers of the instrument. It was most ably and artistically played. With a repose of manner that showed no fear of meeting its difficulties, he joined a precision of touch, a lightness of fingering,

and a fluency that gave to the concerto the alternating beauties of animation and subdued emotion, by which it is essentially characterised. The applause at the close was marked and most deserved."—*Saunders's News Letter*, Feb. 3.

"A young artist of singular merit—Tito Mattei, pianist to the King of Italy—is now on a visit to this country, and has been delighting the musical public by playing his own compositions for the pianoforte. A number of these have just been published by Messrs. Hutchings and Romer, and their appearance in a printed form will be welcome to our amateurs—those especially who have already enjoyed their beauties through the medium of his own performance. They are all short pieces, not in the elaborate form of the sonata or the fantasia, but "morceaux de salon," calculated as much for private as for public use—for the drawing-room as well as the concert-room. We may mention the titles of a few of them which have struck us as specially attractive:—"Il tramonto del Sole," "Grande Valse de Concert," "Pas de Charge," "Il Folletto, Galop de Concert," "Mergellina, barcarolle," "Dancing Leaves," and two nocturnes, called "Un Sogno d'Amore" and "Una Notte d'Estate." In saying that these pieces are calculated for private as well as public performance, we do not mean that they are calculated for the generality of amateurs. They demand, on the contrary, taste, refinement, a brilliant and rapid finger, and familiarity with the modern style of playing. But in the present cultivated state of music, amateurs of both sexes abound in our musical circles who are capable of doing justice to the finest productions of the art."—*Illustrated London News*, Nov. 24th, 1866.